The Focus

February, 1916

State Normal School

Farmville, Virginia

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My Day

E. C. F. Malcolm

IN the gray of early morning
Fallow fields lie silent and still,
And the tall dark trees stand misty
In a shroud-like icy chill.
All the birds are hushed completely.
O, my heart grows cold with pain
Half-awakened, fears the future
Knowing the fear is vain.

O, the gold of noontide sunshine,
Blooming meadows, all daisy-starred,
Singing trees that cast no shadows,
O'er the gold-eyed daisies guard.
"Rainbow melodies" of glory—
Heart! be blithesome, gladsome, gay,
Now awakened, take thy treasure,
Heart, unheeding, seize thy day.

Streaked veil of tawny twilight
Settles o'er the graying fields,
Dark'ning tree tops make obeisance
To the scepter that she wields,
In the foliage, sleepy twitterings!
O my heart! thy night is long—
Go a prince, smile, quaff thy goblet!
Sing thy last sweet, swan-like song!

Bud's Lucky Number

Marion Linton

THE TALL YOUNG MAN stood a moment looking in a perplexed way at the long row of houses, and then ran up the steps and rang the bell of No. 7. "Seven always was my lucky number," he said laughingly to himself. Hardly had he taken his finger off the bell, when the door was flung open and an excited little girl rushed out and pulled him into the house.

"Hurry up and take off your coat," she said, dancing impatiently up and down, "'cause we've been waiting 'most all day for you! Here he is," she called triumphantly to the people in the living room, "I said I'd see him first!"

The tall young man, walked, or rather, was pulled by the child, into the living room.

"Mr. Cousin Richard Paxton," she began with a very important air as she led him around to introduce him, "this is Auntie, and this is Mother, and this is Cousin Mary, and that man over in the corner is her husband, and this is—!"

"Wait, wait, Alice, child," interrupted the friendly looking woman introduced as mother, "let Cousin Richard say something for himself." Then she turned to the tall young man and said, "My dear Richard, we are very glad to see you. I suppose you know that we didn't even know you existed until your letter came. It has been so long since Uncle Dick went west, and so very, very long since we heard from him at all, that we had almost, if not entirely, forgotten about him. But come and meet the rest of these folks—they are all relations of yours." She beckoned to the dark-eyed girl in pink, who stood irresolutely in the background. "Louise, come here and say 'How-de-do' to your long lost cousin!"

Louise came forward and shook hands shyly.

"Are you really my cousin?" asked the tall young man.

"Yes, I s'pose I am, if you're mine!" she answered laughingly, all her shyness gone. "Oh, you can't imagine

how eager we've been to see you. Please tell us, have you any brothers or sisters, and where do you live, and how did you happen to strike the right house, and—everything?" she ended breathlessly.

"Well," he began slowly, as if trying to collect his thoughts, "I—I just chose seven and here I am. No-o—, I haven't any sisters or brothers, and—and—I live in Fredonia, Arizona—and—what else can I tell you?"

"How in the wide world did you ever happen to hear of us, is what I'd like to know?" inquired Cousin Mary.

"I—I—I don't know exactly *how* to tell you," he began looking very perplexed indeed. "I remembered, when I planned to come east, that dad had told me about a—a brother who lived in New Jersey," the girl in pink had nudged Auntie, "so—so, I just wrote, and luckily you were living at the same place."

"Not exactly the same place, but quite near it. But why didn't you *write* to Uncle John?" asked the friendly looking woman.

"Why—why, you see, dad and Uncle John had disagreed about something or other just before dad died, and——"

"Disagreed! How in the world could they when Uncle John didn't know anything about you at all?" said Louise in an amazed tone.

"Uncle John—Uncle John—*saw* dad once about ten years ago somewhere—I don't know where—and it happened then. I don't suspect he ever told it, did he?"

"No-o—I don't remember his ever saying anything about seeing your father. Ten years ago, did you say? Let me see, yes, Uncle John *did* take a trip then. It's very queer he never mentioned it though, very queer for Uncle John. I don't understand it at all!"

As the friendly looking woman saw that Alice was very anxious to take possession of the tall young man, she turned to Louise.

"I declare, it's the most puzzling thing about Uncle John. I can't understand it at all. I believe I'll call him up and ask him about it."

Just as she had given the number to Central, the door bell rang. The friendly looking woman heard a deep voice

at the door ask the maid, "Is this where Mrs. Henry Paxton lives?"

"Yes, won't you come in?"

Mrs. Paxton dropped the receiver and ran to the door.

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"Are you Mrs. Paxton? Well, I am Richard Paxton and I'm mighty glad to meet you!"

The friendly looking woman, followed by the deep voiced man, ran into the living room and said in a horrified voice, "Who in the *world* are you?"

"I am—why—I am," as he saw the stranger in the doorway, "I'm Bud—Richard Wade, of Los Angeles—and won't you please forgive me? You see, I was going to surprise my aunt, Mrs. William Harris, and of course I lost her address and trusted to luck. When I got in the wrong house and found you were really expecting someone, and thought I was he, I just couldn't resist coming in and playing the part. You were so very nice and friendly that I thought I might as well be the lucky fellow, for a while at any rate? Won't you please forgive me? I wish you *were* my cousins!" he added, looking at the girl in pink.

"O, that's all right, we enjoyed it too, but I'm mighty glad that tale about Uncle John isn't true! Mrs. Rebecca Harris? She is my dearest friend, so I'm going to ask her to spare you tomorrow night to help us celebrate the finding of our cousin. Will you come?"

"I surely will," said the tall young man to the friendly looking woman,— but he looked at the girl in pink.

Disillusionment

Ethel L. Surface

IT WAS Valentine night. The wind whistled and shrieked, whirling the newly fallen snow into great white drifts, and sending showers of it down from the heavily swaying branches of the park trees.

John Carson, a well known bachelor-lawyer, was seated in his luxuriously equipped library, comfortably unconscious of the stormy night. He was glancing carelessly over a package of letters labelled "private," which the servant had just brought in. His eye was attracted by a small pink envelope.

"Well, well," he murmured, slowly removing his cigar from his mouth and sending out a fragrant cloud of smoke. He picked up the dainty missive, leaned back in his chair, and regarded it quizzically. Laying down his cigar he carefully opened the envelope and much to his amusement he found therein a profusely decorated valentine with these words written on the back in a small feminine hand—"Lest you forget." The valentine slipped from his fingers and fell, forgotten, on the rug at his feet. He was back in the little Virginia town where he spent the earlier part of his life. Seated in the quaint old-fashioned church, he was partly listening to the solemn words of the white-haired minister and partly studying the delicate profile of a girl seated in the choir loft. Many were the times brown eyes met blue eyes, and instantly separated only to return again. After the services were over, he often walked as far as the gate with her, and sometimes ventured so far as the shady front porch. She was made sad one day when he told her he was going to the city, and her eyes hinted that he would be missed. As the story often goes, they never saw each other after that, but he always pictured her as that "same

sweet girl"—never changed. How long ago was it? . . . Let's see. . . .

"Only ten years, John. That isn't so very long," spoke a low, soft voice by his side. Startled, he turned and found himself looking into "the blue eyes of the girl."

"You didn't appreciate my valentine very much," she said. Stooping, she picked it up from the floor and held it out to him.

"I don't understand where you came from, or why you are here." He spoke in a dazed fashion.

"Never mind. I'm here and you will soon know why. Would you mind if I sat down? I have something to say."

"Certainly not—I *beg* your pardon—but——"

She straightened the cushions in a big chair near his own and seated herself comfortably.

"There, that's much better, thank you—and so—to begin—I'm going to ask you not to speak, please, until I have finished. You're going to want to, I know, but remember, you're *not* to. Although it may sound improbable, I am a very modern up-to-date young woman, and I am a hearty advocate of woman suffrage. Also this is leap year and I suppose you know the sentiment concerned."

He surely must be dreaming. How could such "modern words" fall from the lips of that sweet, old-fashioned girl in mull and lace? If *she* was a believer in woman suffrage, surely he had been blind in the past. Anything that lovely girl wanted, she could have.

"You are a wealthy man, Mr. John Carson, and there is no earthly reason why you should live in this mansion all alone. I know you haven't forgotten me, because I saw you open my valentine. You might even be in love with me, but you would never, never in the world tell me so unless I asked you first. So I'm going even farther than that. I'm going to ask you to marry me. I believe I'm saying only what your heart is dictating."

She calmly measured the length of her pink fingers on the arm of the chair and waited his reply.

He felt a strange tugging at his heart and an earnest desire to agree wholly and absolutely with everything she

said. This was very odd indeed. He couldn't recall the time when he had ever been so submissive to another's will. It would be a new pleasure to have a woman's face bending over his tea table and—Bosh! He was getting sentimental. What in the world was he thinking of?—allowing himself to act like a stricken hero in a ten cent novel. But she was waiting for his reply, and she seemed to trust him. He couldn't be beast enough to refuse such an appeal, and she must love him, else she would never have come. In simple slang, "his heart went under with a splash." He held out his hand, and she came slowly to him. Why didn't she smile? Her face was expressionless, and he fancied she had lost some of her delicate color—in fact her face was a peculiar shade, indeed. He slipped his arms around her and wondered why she was so cold and stiff—cold and *stiff?* Yes, and ugh! there must be something terribly wrong with him. He loosened his arms and drew back looking slowly around him. The room was almost dark. The wind had ceased and the lights from the street shone redly in through the window, and one ray, especially bright, fell across the polished floor and glimmered on a tall bronze statue standing close by the desk. John Carson felt the cold, hard metal under his fingers and removed his hand. From somewhere came the stale odor of a cigar, and staring up at him, from the floor, out of the gathering dusk, was the face of a small pink envelope.

A Sonnet to the Moon

Hattie Robertson, '17

O MOON, the fairest dweller of the skies,
What radiant looks are showered from thy face
On us poor mortals in our earthly place,
Abetter to Dan Cupid! For he tries
To captivate our hearts and close our eyes
To duty, letting love set us our pace.
'Twould not be for us to scorn the race
Of charming men, were where our power lies.
But, Oh! "There is the rub," as has been said,
For we are modern and no lovers come
To whisper sweets to us. *We* can't be led!
Our hearts are free and we at large do roam,
So mock us not, O moon of wondrous hue—
We're sorry, but we've other work to do.

Commonly Called a Case

"BOY, what shall I do? I am scared green about that trig. exam.," said dark-haired little May to a tall, blond girl.

"Bottom and Nell studied all day Saturday."

"They will both make a hundred, I reckon—Bottom is so smart and Nell studies so hard. But I am not very bright and I just can't study. Went to a box Saturday night when I had intended studying."

"Come on, May," said Nell, stopping by the two girls, "the nine o'clock bell has rung and Miss Carlton gives the hardest exams. in school, so there's no time to waste."

The two girls entered the class-room where several others were already assembled. For several minutes the girls murmured excitedly looking up forgotten rules and formulas in frantic haste.

Then Miss Carlton, tall, dignified, the idol of the eight girls, arose. "I will give eleven examples from which you may choose ten."

* * * * * * * *

"Wasn't that trig. exam. something awful? Whew! I am as weak as a—as a don't know what. Every one of us worked until the two o'clock bell rang. How did you get on?"

"Pretty well, I think," answered Bottom, the smartest girl in the class. "I am not sure of all I did."

"I am almost sure of those I did," said May. "But the fact that she had left out *(b)* under the tenth example was not mentioned.

Two days later May sat in a window overlooking the campus. "Hello, Miss Carlton."

"Hello, May," laughingly Miss Carlton waved some papers at her. "Ninety-nine," she said and entered the building.

"Miss Carlton is an awful tease. I wonder if she has corrected our papers and that is what I got," thought May.

"Oh, girls!" Sunny came into the room like a whirlwind, no one had ever seen her walk. "Miss Carlton says we can come to her room for our marks."

"Tell Miss Carlton I told you to get my mark, Nell," said Bottom. "I can't go there now, I am busy."

Sunny, Nell and May were soon knocking at the door of Miss Carlton's class-room.

"Come in." It was Miss Carlton's voice.

"Did I pass?"

"Sunny, you got eighty-five."

"Nell, I was surprised at your paper, I expected you and Margaret Bottom to get a hundred or nearly that. You got eighty-three."

"I am thankful for that. It was a fierce exam. Bottom asked me to get her mark for her."

"Tell Margaret to come and get it."

"She said she couldn't."

"Well she got eighty-two. Tell her I want to see her about her mistakes.

"If Bottom didn't get but eighty-two, I wonder what I got," thought May. "What did I get, Miss Carlton?"

"I told you this morning."

"But—but—I thought you were teasing."

"I never tease about anything as serious as exams. You put down six answers to one example and only five of them satisfied the equation, so I took off one."

The girls left the room talking. "Ninety-nine, May, and the next highest eighty-five, that is grand, I never heard of anyone getting so high a mark under Miss Carlton."

But May was silent. She knew Miss Carlton had not missed the example that was left out. Should she tell her? Wouldn't Miss Carlton be angry if she told her of a mistake in correcting a paper? But May knew that this was only an excuse to herself for not telling. Miss Carlton was the strictest but most just teacher in school.

"Bottom, you got eighty-two and I got eighty-three," said Nell.

Boy turned to May, "What did you make?"

What should she do? Could she tell her ideal girl, the *one* girl in school she was trying to imitate, a deliberate lie?

"Oh, Boy, what must I do? Miss Carlton has given me ninety-nine and I don't deserve it. She did not notice that I left out half of the last question. But I can't tell her and have my mark lowered."

"It would be hard," said Boy with her quiet smile. "Come, dear, let's walk on the terrace."

Nothing more was said about the paper. May knew that Boy would never mention what she had told her, but could she let Boy think her a cheat?

That night May and Boy were playing solitare. Boy's worked but she confessed, "I moved a card when I had no right to."

"I never would cheat myself," laughed May. "When I cheat it must be to gain something worth while."

The next night at the soiree, Boy was sitting in front of May. May handed her a piece of paper. It said, "I got ninety-five on trig.—*M.*"

Presently the paper was returned, on the back was written: "I think you were braver than I would have been. I believe I would have cheated myself again." That was all, but May's face was smiling. Boy was proud of her.

Heroines of the American Revolution

Verna Marshall, '17

THE WOMEN of the Revolution were noted for their intense patriotism, firmness, decision and resourcefulness, which characteristics were their heritage to American womanhood. Development under conditions of pioneer life was best calculated to broaden and strengthen their character.

But is was not only in the circles of the rich and the great that woman's influence was felt in Revolutionary days. The same self-abnegation and devotion to the cause of freedom seemed to pervade all classes of people and to shine throughout the country with equal luster. It would be a task formidable indeed to tell all the expedients devised by female ingenuity and all the sacrifices made in behalf of the infant republic.

A letter from a Philadelphia lady to a British officer in Boston gives an idea of the sentiment which actuated them all. "My only brother I have sent to the camp with my prayers and blessings; I hope he will not disgrace me. I am confident he will behave with honor and emulate the great examples he has before him; and had I twenty sons and brothers they should all go. I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family; tea I have not drunk since last Christmas, nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington, and what I never did before, I have learned to knit and am now making stockings of American wool for my servants; and in this way do I throw in my mite to the public good. I have the pleasure to assure you that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans."

From this letter one may derive some conception of the patriotism which actuated American women to deeds of heroism. When the luxuries and pleasures of life were in one side of the scales, with the welfare of the struggling colonists in the other, in every case it was the former that had to go. Some of the women even studied medicine so

that they might attend the sick in the army. Some stripped themselves of necessities to contribute to yet more pressing public needs and not only gave of their own property but also solicited aid for the suffering soldiery from door to door. Silk banners were embroidered by delicate fingers and presented to favored regiments with a charge never to desert them.

When one brave fellow in New Jersey bade farewell to his wife she said: "Remember to do your duty; I would rather hear that you were left a corpse on the field than that you had played the part of a coward."

Some of the women melted their silver plates and spoons to convert them into bullets. In short, nothing could dampen their enthusiasm and no difficulty proved too great for their ardor to overcome.

The women of the Southern States were not behind their Northern sisters in devotion to the cause. They joined together in formal societies pledging themselves to renounce tea and other foreign luxuries, and wear clothing spun and woven by their own hands. In Rowan and Mecklenburg counties of North Carolina, young ladies of the best families signed a compact binding themselves to accept no suitors who had refused to do military service for their country.

Again in North Carolina after Gage's defeat, when Greene had come to them as a deliverer, the ladies pleased themselves, if they did not better the cause, by decking their persons in everything green that could be found; ribbons and feathers of that color became the fashion of the day, and during the absence of their protectors the wives and daughters of the Whigs frequently wore mourning, or at least a badge of crepe. One young girl, on hearing of a success achieved by the arms of the patriots, and being still surrounded by enemies, could not contain her joy, but put her mouth to the chimney and shouted her exultation up the flue in the absence of sympathizing ears. Silly and nonsensical the act was, but natural and girlish none the less.

A Boston woman whose name has been written in Revolutionary history along with those of Paul Revere

and Dr. Warren, and to whom Washington and Lafayette did signal honor, was Sarah Bradlee Fulton, sometimes called "Mother of the Boston Tea Party." Indeed it is rumored, though with what authority cannot be said, that the Boston Tea Party grew out of a "codfish supper," given by Nathaniel Bradlee to a party of his friends, and which was cooked by his wife and sister. Whether or not this be a myth, it is an established fact that Bradlee, Fulton and several of their friends were among the Mohawks who gathered at Griffin's wharf on that historical December night, and that the two women had helped to arrange their disguises and also had heated water in order that when the conspirators returned they might wash off the red stains and revert to "White Christians," as it is quaintly put in a chronicle of the day. A spying Tory neighbor was seen peering into the kitchen windows shortly after the men had gone and the ready-witted Mrs. Fulton, pretending not to see him, busied herself with preparations for some imaginary household duty in a way that disarmed all suspicion.

It was nearly a year and a half afterward that Sarah Fulton was roused from sleep in her home and heard the hurried dash of horse's hoofs and the midnight cry of Paul Revere as he crossed the bridge into Medfordtown. We may be sure that it was not many minutes until John Fulton was up, dressed, and ready to join his neighbors for the fray which they all had dreaded, yet were to meet with the bravery of veterans.

Some time after this Mrs. Fulton was called upon to perform a service for her country that called for more courage than anything else she had done. Major Brooks had received dispatches which had to be delivered inside the enemy's lines in Boston. Knowing the patriotism of John Fulton, his reliability and his intimate knowledge of every nook and corner of the city, Mr. Brooks came to the Fulton home at a late hour one night to find out if Fulton would accept the dangerous trust. It was impossible for the latter to go, but Mrs. Fulton promptly volunteered. It was late when she started and nearly midnight when, after a long, lonesome walk, she reached Charlestown.

She found a boat in which the oars had been left and quietly rowed across the river, exercising the utmost precaution to elude the British patrol. She delivered the message and got safely back to Charlestown and her home just as the grey morning light was breaking across the east. General Washington, for whom the message was really carried, visited her later to extend his thanks personally.

In 1898 the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter D. A. R. erected a tablet to her memory on the site of the house in Medford where she and her husband spent the greater part of their married life.

Another of our patriotic women who was cast in an heroic mould was Catherine Van Rensselear Schuyler. Of high rank socially, educated, accomplished, courageous, kindly, and charitable, she has been set down as the "most noted Dutch woman of her day." During the massacre at German Flats, N. Y., by the Indian allies of Montcalm, the survivors of which fled to Albany, Mrs. Schuyler led in ministering to the half-clad, grief-stricken and suffering fugitives. They were housed in the great barn of "The Flats" as the old Schuyler home was known.

Later, after the battle of Ticonderoga, the big Schuyler barn was again turned into a hospital with Mrs. Schuyler and her family as nurses.

As head of the Northern Army of New York, General Schuyler was compelled to be away from home much of the time and the life of his wife was one of constant ministry, especially among the families of the soldiers who were away fighting with her husband. She was fearless of danger, resolute and resourceful, as was proven when immediately after the murder of Jane McCrea by the Indians, she started from Albany with her carriage and four horses for some articles of value left at the farm at Saratoga. She was remonstrated with about the danger, but only laughed and said, "A general's wife and afraid—ridiculous!" When she arrived there, attended only by a negro boy, she was warned by a messenger that Burgoyne's army was near at hand. The general had told her to leave nothing of value for the enemy. She saw that the great field of wheat was

ripe and ready for reaping. If left standing, the grain would be a rich find for the hungry British hordes. She snatched up torches to set fire to the wheat field. A messenger came to warn her of the rumored approach of the enemy. The negro boy was too frightened to carry out her orders and with her own hands she lighted the wisps of flax and threw them into the grain. In less than an hour nothing remained of the wheat but the blackened stubble. Then sending her horses on by a messenger for use in the army, she loaded her property on an ox-sled and returned to Albany.

As long as American history is read and quoted, the name of "Molly Stark" will be held in affectionate and admiring remembrance. Of all the notable women whose husbands became conspicuous for military service during the Revolution, there was none more thoroughly American than this eminently sensible, modest, kindly and patriotic woman from the backwoods of New Hampshire. After following the army for months, she gave a signal display of bravery at the defense of Fort Clinton. When her husband abandoned his gun and joined in the retreat, she took his place and discharged the last cannon fired before the fort fell into the hands of the British.

Still more dramatic was her conduct on the field of Monmouth. While she was carrying a bucket of water to her husband—in fact, when almost at his side, a shot from the enemy stretched him dead at her feet. With a wild cry she dropped the bucket, seized the rammer from his stiffening fingers and swore to avenge his death. All through the battle she worked his cannon desperately to the wondering admiration of her fellow gunners and the amazement of every officer who chanced to see her.

Deborah Samson is also a rarely interesting character. She was born of obscure parents in Plymouth, Massachusetts. Poverty and evil example enveloped her childhood. But charity interfered and the young girl was rescued from a position that threatened her with misery and placed with those from whom she received kind treatment and every physical comfort. Others having neglected to educate

her, and feeling her inferiority in this respect she made every effort to gain knowledge herself. By her own unaided exertions she succeeded in learning to read fairly well. Later she attended a common district school, where she made great progress in her studies.

Meantime the Revolutionary struggle had commenced. The gloom that had accompanied the outburst of the storm extended over the whole land. The news of the carnage on the plains of Lexington; the sound of the cannon at Bunker Hill, had reached every dwelling and vibrated on the heart of every patriot. The zeal which had urged the men to quit their homes for the battlefield found its way to her bosom. Deborah felt as if she would shrink from no effort or sacrifice in the cause which awakened all her enthusiasm. She entered with the most lively interest into every plan for the relief of the army and bitterly regretted that as a woman she could do no more. By keeping the district school for a summer term she had amassed the sum of twelve dollars. With this she bought cloth and made up a suit of men's clothing. She tied these articles in a bundle and departed for the army. Only the purest patriotism impelled her to the resolution of assuming this attire and enlisting in the army. It was very likely that her youthful imagination was kindled by the rumor of brave deeds, and that her vision of the camp's stir and ceaseless larum were colored by the hue of fancy. For three years this heroine appeared in the character of a soldier. During this time, her exemplary conduct and the fidelity with which her duties were performed, gained the approbation and confidence of the officers. She was a volunteer in several hazardous enterprises, and was twice wounded, the first time by a sword cut on the left side of the head. About four months afterwards she received another severe wound, being shot through the shoulder. This time, strange as it may seem, she escaped unsuspected; and soon recovering her strength, was able again to take her place at the post of duty.

During the early part of the war a gentleman named Wood resided about seven miles from Peekskill. He was

a zealous Whig, but the associations and tastes of his English wife prejudiced her in favor of the Loyalists. Among the inmates of the family was Miss Moncrieffe, a visitor from New York, and the daughter of Major Moncrieffe of the English army. This lady was young, of surpassing beauty, fascinating manners and rare accomplishments, with intellectual gifts of a high order. Her beauty, the care and richness lavished upon her dress, combined with her pleasing attainments, dazzled all those who came within the range of her influence. Mr. Wood's house soon became the resort of all those who could obtain the acquaintance of the beautiful and spirited girl. Among the visitors who thronged around the brilliant lady were several officers of the American army. These were unable to resist the charms of their beautiful country-woman. She encouraged conversation upon the state of the country and its prospects, and so unrestrained became their relationship that confidential disclosures were made to her from time to time, and by questioning she would often learn of all the plans and movements in contemplation to circumvent the enemy.

Miss Moncrieffe was an excellent equestrian. She rode out every day, sometimes accompanied, but oftener alone. One morning as she was taking her accustomed ride alone, on passing a farm-house the barking of a dog that suddenly sprang into the road frightened the horse. The animal started aside; she was thrown to the ground and severely stunned. The people ran out from the house, and carried her in and laid her on the bed. While endeavoring to restore her, they unbuttoned the vest of her riding habit, to allow her to breathe more freely. A letter fell out, which was picked up and laid on the table. When she recover consciousness she became very much frightened when she discovered the loss of the letter. Her agitation aroused the suspicions of the man standing by, and seizing the letter, he refused to restore it to her. Fearing that exposure of the contents of the letter would prove her ruin, she immediately prepared to return to New York. But before she could get ready a party of soldiers rode up

and entered the house, and the officer informed her that she must be considered a prisoner and be conducted to the destination pointed out in his orders.

It was ascertained that the letter thus opportunely discovered contained information relative to an intended movement of the American army. It was proved that Miss Moncrieffe was in the habit of sending her British friends repeatedly the information reposed in her by the young American officers. Her countrymen, not disposed to deal with her harshly, finally gave her over to her friends.

On another occasion, General Greene could find no man who was able to carry an order to General Sumter. The mission was a dangerous one, the country to be passed through for many miles was full of bloodthirsty Tories, who on every occasion offered imbrued their hands in the blood of the Whigs. At length Emily Geiger presented herself to General Greene and offered herself as his messenger. The general, surprised and delighted, wrote a letter and communicated the contents of it verbally, to be told to Sumter in case of accidents. Coming from the direction of Greene's army, Emily was intercepted by Lord Rawdon's scouts. She was suspected and confined to a room. While the officer was gone in search of the old Tory matron, Emily ate up the letter piece by piece.

In the winter of 1777, General Howe had his headquarters in Philadelphia, being established in a comfortable old family mansion in Second street, while his adjutant was quartered directly across the street where lived William and Lydia Darrah. It was on December 2, 1777, that Mistress Darrah's lodger knocked at her door, and said, "Madam, you will see to it that the back room is put in order for a meeting of myself and some of my friends tonight. And, Madam, you will see to it that your family are all to bed at an early hour. I shall call you to put out the fire and candles." By his tone and manner she became suspicious, and after everything was quiet that night she crept to the door of the meeting room and knelt to the keyhole. She was just in time to hear the adjutant reading an order from Sir William Howe to this effect: "Tomorrow

night the troops will secretly quit the city to march out and capture the Americans at Whitemarsh." Without waiting to hear more Lydia hurried back to her room, and when the officer rapped at her door later he had difficulty in waking her.

At daybreak, under pretense of purchasing flour, she went to Franklin. She left her bag at the mill to be filled, then went on to the American outposts. She told what she knew, then returned home without anyone suspecting anything. History tells the rest. At daybreak on that fated Friday morning, when the British reached Whitemarsh they found Washington's forces drawn up in line of battle eminently fit and ready for the fray. The British officers knew that someone had betrayed their plans, wittingly or otherwise, and set about finding out who it was. One of the officers said, "No indeed, it couldn't have been you, Mistress Darrah, because I had to knock several times on your door to awaken you, to let them out."

Pleasant it would be to tarry longer among these Revolutionary scenes, although these few short accounts recall the brave deeds and exploits of the more famous of the American women of the Revolution. Their bravery and the sacrifices which they made, are only fair examples, chosen from a great many acts of equal or greater patriotism. Women in all the thirteen states, North and South, fought with the men in spirit; and by rendering countless humble but invaluable services, bore a most important share in the final triumph of struggling America.

Sketches

I

Mrs. Jones was sitting by the light darning when suddenly in the silence, broken only by the tick of the clock on the mantel and the occasional rattle of Mr. Jones' paper, the telephone bell rang three times.

"Oh, I wonder who that can be?" said Mrs. Jones rising laboriously and expectantly.

"My land, Mary, don't ask so many questions, but go see who it is," was Mr. Jones' impatient reply as he turned again to his paper.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Jones, who is that? . . . Anna Smith! Well, of all things. . . He's well." She turned and whispered to Mr. Jones, "John, it is Anna Smith—and she—asked me how you were." She turned again to the phone. "Oh! Tell me all about your trip, did you see Niagara Falls? . . . Well, of all things, it is such a pity. . . . Oh, yes that was much better. . . (Hand over the receiver) John, they didn't go to Niagara after all but took in Coney Island, what did I tell you? . . . What was that you said? . . . Oh yes she is home. You know I have such a dreadful cold I can hardly hear anything. We have had such a hard time this fall getting help and the furnace stays cold half the time, consequently we all have colds. . . . Oh, I'm so sorry George has a cold, I guess he enjoyed the honeymoon? . . . That's what they all say, my dear, it will soon wear off, I know—

"My gracious, Mary, have a heart, George is a good sort of boy."

Mrs. Jones gives Mr. Jones a sour look and continues:

"Yes, she is home, and did you know she and Will are going to be married in the spring; of course you mustn't tell a soul. No one knows anything about it except Belle,

Mrs. Morris, Bertha, and Mrs. Newman. I simply had to tell her, she is such a dear good church worker; then I told Martha about it; she is going to help plan the dresses, and of course John, you and me; so you mustn't breathe it to a single soul not even George because he may tell the men at the office. We are going to Richmond week after next to get her things. I know the styles in New York must be beautiful: you must come over and tell us everything. We haven't decided whether to have it in the church or at home. I have always wanted my daughter married at home, but there are so many embarrassing things attached to a home wedding. When I was married, one of the bride's maids caught her heel in a torn place in the carpet and came near falling, and during the ceremony one of the lamps (you know it was a night wedding) nearly exploded and had to be carried out. Did you hear about Rebecca running away with that no 'count Bob Clark? . . . Well, I haven't any sympathy for her myself. I don't see how she can possibly be happy with him. Jane is disgusted with her. You know she was Jane's smartest pupil and wasn't but eighteen. She was head of the Canning Club and she had a real good voice. You haven't told me anything about the styles in New York; were they pretty? . . . Of course you couldn't see much in one day, then too, I guess you had eyes only for George. I guess Jane will be just as bad when she and Will are married. He is simply crazy about her . . . Yes, she is in the parlor talking to Will now. . . . Why, of course, my dear, and I'm simply monopolizing your time when I know you girls are wild to talk to each other. I'll call her, just hold the 'phone. . . (turns away). "John, now isn't it silly the way that girl raves over that red-headed George. I think it is disgusting. Jane doesn't talk about Will near so much and he is certainly better looking than George. Oh, I forgot to ask her when they expect to build. I wouldn't be surprised if George's father doesn't give them their old home place."

. . . "Mary, how you do talk. Don't you know the girl is waiting to talk to Jane?"

"I never saw any man so uninteresting in my life," said Mrs. Jones as she walked indignantly from the room.

Mrs. Jones tapped on the parlor door and said:

"May I come in?"

"Certainly, Mother."

"Jane, Anna Smith has come back and wants to talk to you over the phone. She raves about George simply dreadful. They didn't go to Niagara after all. It is such a pity because her heart was so set on it. She and Anna have always been such good friends, but I can't see why Jane is so mild about her because Jane is so far superior to her."

"Ye-es, that's so."

"My boy, you mustn't mind me, I know you think Jane a wonder. She has the most adorable—" . . .

"Why didn't you call me a half hour ago, Mother, Anna wants to carry Will and me for a ride in her new car. Just think we've missed all that fun."

"Well of all things, a new car!"

—*Mildred Edwards.*

II

"Come on, let's play Injun."

"Naw."

"We could use that paint Ma's goin' to use to paint the bench on the porch with."

"Naw. I ain't goin' to play no Injun. You said yesterday after we done played Injun most all day that we was goin' to play barber-shop and we ain't played it."

"Aw well, baby, do like you say. Go on and git them shavin' things outen the top drawer."

"I'm goin' to be the man what does the shavin'."

"No you ain't neither!"

"I am!"

"Ain't."

"Am."

"Ain't."

"I am."

"Aw, well I'll be the man what gets the shave. I'm

better'n you anyway 'cause I don't have to work for my living."

"Let's play in the parlor where we can use that big new chair."

"All right. Set the pan of water on the piano. Now you come on in."

"How do, mister. What kin I do for you on this cool spring day?"

"Gimme a shave, but don't try to git smart."

"Take this here chair."

"Aw quit that jerkin' up my chin."

"You ain't playin' right. You mustn't talk about jerkin' up your chin. We ought to talk about politics 'n' things."

"How you think politics is this year?"

"Aw rotten. Papa called them rotten, didn't he, Billy?"

"Yes. 'Tend like you was runnin' fer office."

"Well, I'll have to wait 'till you git done shavin' me. Where'm I goin to run?"

"Aw, greenie, you don't run sure 'nuff. You jus' say you're runnin' to git elected."

"All right. Say, I'm a-runnin' to git elected as president of this town. Here's a quarter if you'll vote fer me."

"Thanky, sir, sure I'll vote for you."

"When I git to be governor of this town—. Aw quit your daubing soap in my eye, can't you! As I was sayin' when I get to be governor of this town I'll let you be one of the cops."

"Aw, now, mister."

"Yes, sure I will."

"Good-night in the mornin', Billy! Here comes that feller to see sister. We got to leave here."

"Wait a minute! Let's put the pan of water on this chair, and put a cushion over it, so when that skate sits down he'll sit in it."

"Look out! You done spilt about half of it already."

"Come on, let's go around to the side window and sing that song we made up about him."

"Let's sing that skunk song what sister told mama wasn't fit to be heard."

"Naw, let's wait till she comes down so she can hear it too." —*Laura Kice.*

III

"What does it say? When am I going to meet him?"

"Tonight—at—the—movies."

"Gracious! Tonight? Oh, what shall I wear? Don't you think that old rose dress of mine will look all right? And I'll borrow Emma's white coat and fix my hair real low on my neck. Now that *will* be stunning. And *do* let me wear your lavalliere, Kate."

"You don't mean to tell me, Willie Brown, that you actually believe what that old Ouija board tells you, do you?"

"Well, why shouldn't I? Didn't it say that I would hear from Louise at dinner, and didn't it say that you would get a bid to the dances? Now answer that, will you?"

"I don't care; you know you hear from Louise every Friday and I was expecting a bid anyway. I don't put any faith in what a piece of wood with legs says. It only affords me some amusement now and then."

"Well, I do. Anyway you'll go to the movies with me tonight, won't you, if I set you up?"

"Oh yes, I suppose so, but mind you, don't you lay the blame on me if you don't meet the unknown quantity."

"Gee! I'm so excited I can't keep still. There goes the supper bell; goodness me, but I guess I'll have time to spruce up after supper. I don't need to go to prayers. I've been every time this week and to morning watch once."

Mercy me, Nell, you are all flustered over nothing. Do be quiet and contain yourself. I tell you nothing is going to come of it, and besides every one on the hall is looking at you. You make yourself so conspicuous."

"I wonder if supper will ever be over. I'm so anxious to get to the movies. Let's go down as soon as the gong rings so we can get in the front of the line, and let's sit over

in the far corner of the opera house where Mrs. Board can't see us."

"I wish you would be quiet, I can't half eat my supper."

"Well, Kate, I guess you'd be excited too if it said he was to be your own true love. Besides, I don't care a snap of my finger what you say, I have perfect faith in that Ouija board, and I know I will meet him tonight. You'll be mighty glad I did too, about the time all that Martha Washington comes rolling in."

"Be quiet, silly. Behave yourself and listen to the announcements. How in the world do you expect me to hear anything with you going at that rate?"

"Bosh, I don't care anything about the announcements. They don't concern me."

But finally she stopped talking, just in time to hear Miss Mary say, "Girls, there will be no going to the moving pictures tonight."

—*Maggie McPeak.*

Realm of Childhood

Near the river, near the river,
Where the weeping willows wave,
I, a child, once had my sport
And 'neath their shadows played
Where the ripples ring the shore,
Carve their intricate design,
Built my castles, wove my stories,
Lived them all within my mind.

Near the river, near the river,
Where the weeping willows wave,
At the margin of the shore,
Where the waters gently lave,
I come again a child no more.
Its magic power I fain would feel,
But I am grown, and now to me
No more its secrets will reveal.

—*E. N. W.*

Alumnæ

GRADUATION ESSAYS

Will you kindly oblige a high school teacher by suggesting a few subjects for graduation essays?

I have a class composed of six girls and two boys who will graduate this year. I am anxious to give them subjects that are new and alive.

In answer to your recent letter asking for subjects for graduation essays, I will say that the first subject that occurs to me as yielding new and live topics is the War. If the essays are to be read at your graduation exercises it might not be amiss to have each of your students treat some aspect of the present war as:

1. "Contemporary War Poetry." (For materials see issues of the last year and a half of the *Literary Digest*, current poetry department.)
2. "War Stories" or "The Influence of the War on Current Fiction." (See all recent magazines.)
3. "Diplomatic Debates Raised by the War." (Get bulletins of the American Association for International Conciliation.)
4. "Mechanical and Scientific Development Resulting from the War." (For the boy of mechanical turn. See *Scientific American* for the past eighteen months.)
5. "The Effect of the War on American Business." (Especially in Virginia, prices, labor conditions, manufacture of munitions, etc. For the business boy or girl.)
6. "Religious Aspects of the War."
7. "Contribution of the War to the Knowledge of the Geography of Europe."
8. "The War and the Fine Arts."

9. "The War and Journalism."

Material for all of these subjects may be found in all the good magazines.

Another set of questions may be worked out on the basis of the vocations which members of your class expect to follow.

1. "The Practice of Medicine as an Opportunity for Service" (the same for Law, Teaching, etc.).
2. "Agriculture a Learned Profession."
3. "What Can I Expect to get From my College Course?"
4. "Home Making, the New Profession for Women." (Write American School of Home Economics, Chicago, etc.)

You will find *The Survey* very useful in guiding your pupils into thinking about serious questions of the day. *The Outlook*, *The Independent*, *Literary Digest*, *Review of Reviews*, are also excellent for the study of live up-to-date material and all make special rates for school work.

Various other topics that suggest themselves to me in view of recent events are:

1. "An Argument for (or against) Armament."
2. "Compulsory Education in Virginia."
3. "The End of the Liquor Traffic in Sight."
4. "Why we Celebrate the Shakespeare Tercentenary."

I hope you may succeed in finding a needle or two somewhere in this haystack, or near it.

Training School Department

A STORM

In the west the heavens were dark and gloomy. Suddenly all became very still, and then—a downpour of rain, followed by flashes of lightning and crashes of thunder. The wind blew in all its fury. This lasted for about half an hour, and then it all ceased—as suddenly as it began. The sunlight peeped out from behind the swiftly rolling clouds. The August foliage reflected from the moistened boughs the richest lustre of a Virginia summer. The air had become mild and refreshing. Soon most of the clouds had disappeared like soldiers retreating from a defeated army. Only a few could be seen in the east, hanging low around the horizon. On the wooded hillside the raindrops glistened like diamonds on the green leaves of the forest; while in the valleys between, the vapor rose up in a thin mist, as the sun drew nearer the destination of its day's journey. The heavens looked as though they had been bathed in the most delicate blue, and the glad earth seemed clean and fresh and sweet after such a refreshing thunder storm.

SUNRISE IN THE WINTER

The mountains in the east, back against the golden horizon, are a deep blue, but gradually turn a hazy purple as the sun ascends in all its brightness. The treetops, from all around, seem to catch its yellow light and to reflect it for miles up and down the valley, making the whole world seem happier for it. The chirp of the snowbird can be heard or the "caw" of the raven from overhead, as he hastens to find his morning's meal. The majestic, everchanging mountains are now almost an

Alice blue. As the sun advances in the heavens they change again from Alice to a misty blue. Soon all the neighboring hills and valleys are bathed in the whitish-yellow rays of the winter sun. The world takes on its always busy attitude, as the winter day advances from childhood to maturity. —*Julia Morris.*

A TYPICAL OLD VIRGINIA HOME

Before the war the homes of leading citizens of the country were very different from what they are today. There were large plantations all over the country, each one a village in itself. "De white folks' house"—as the slaves termed it—was generally large and square, with large white pillars supporting the porch, which crossed the entire front of the house. Most likely Virginia creeper or ivy was running over the front porch or slowly crept up the side of a large chimney.

The lawn was large and very green and shaded by huge oaks, elms and mulberries; and the gravel walks had thick rows of boxwood on either side. Part of the yard was taken up by a flower garden planted by "de mistress, herself," with beautiful flowers in it—hollyhocks, roses, sweet Williams, daffodils and all the old-fashioned, stately flowers occupying the prominent places. The other side of the yard was perhaps given up to a croquet ground, hammocks, and flower stands. A large conservatory was on one side of the house, which showed, by the flowers on its shelves, the careful attention which was evidently given it by the old gardener.

On the farther side of the yard was a large orchard with long rows of fruit trees, which in summer were laden with luxuriant fruit. At the back of the house was an old kitchen, joined to the main house by a long grape arbor.

About a quarter of a mile from the house was a long row of log cabins "as alike as peas in a pod," called "the quarters." In these the slaves lived. Just below "the quarters" were located a blacksmith shop, a large stable, an ice house, a carpenter shop, and all the shops and outhouses that are needed on such a plantation. —*Emily Clark.*

STUDYING FOR A TEST

Marjorie was sitting out in the swing, her Latin grammar open in her lap; but instead of looking at her book she was gazing down the street.

"Oh, I wish Alice would come on," she muttered impatiently.

Soon she heard the gate click and looked up to see Alice hurrying toward her.

"My, but I'm glad you've come at last," began Marjorie, making room for Alice by her side. "What do you know about this test for tomorrow? I've nearly studied myself to death while waiting for you."

"I'm sorry I was late, but mother wanted me to try on my new dress, so I couldn't come right away," said Alice, as she leisurely opened her book. "I know Miss Grey is going to ask us these verbs, so I'll hear them for you. Then you hear them for me."

"Give me the principal parts of 'duco'."

"Duco, ducere, duxi—Oh, Alice, did you get an invitation to Louise's birthday party?"

"Yes," replied Alice, "that is what mother is making my new dress for."

"Did she invite Eva Jones?" asked Marjorie.

"No, I don't think she did. They haven't spoken to each other since Eva told Marion that she thought Louise was 'stuck up,'and Marion went and told Louise, you know."

"I don't blame Louise. I never could stand that Eva Jones," declared Marjorie.

"Well let's go back and study Latin some more. Tell what you can about indirect discourse."

"Well," Alice began slowly, the verb in the subordinate clause is in the infinitive, the subject is in the accusative, and—let—me—see—How many valentines have you gotten, Marjorie?"

"Oh," laughed Marjorie, "I got the awfulest looking one last night! Did you get any?"

"Yes, I got a lovely one."

"Pshaw! I don't care anything for that kind. I like comic ones."

"It's a good thing you do like them—they seem to be the only kind you get," replied Alice, with dignity. "Mother is calling me, so I must go. If I fail on that test tomorrow it won't be my fault, after studing for it the whole evening."

Marjorie watched Alice as she walked down the street, then she rose to go into the house.

"I wish mother wouldn't make me take Latin," she said, "I never could learn it." —*Kathleen Gilliam.*

DESCRIPTION OF A HOUSE

This house could not be called a home, although it is the abiding place of a husband and wife. The cold brick walls are repulsive to a home-loving person. The well-kept grass seems to say for itself "Keep off;" and the flowers, though well kept and of the most expensive kind, seem artificial. There is no air of comfort on the wide, cool porch. The chairs seem glued in their places; for they are seldom used.

On the inside, the large, beautifully furnished rooms are deserted almost all of the time; for the lady of the house spends most of her time in her luxurious boudoir. Over all the house there hovers a weird hush. Even on the sidewalk in front the same feeling lingers. Children seldom play in front of it.

—*Mary Lindsey.*

THE FOCUS

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

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Editorial

WHAT WE NEED

There is an old saying but true that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. It follows therefore that a school is no stronger than its weakest girl. For after all what is it that makes a school? It is not the building nor the endowment, nor even the faculty, but the girls. Now the question arises, What do we need to strengthen our chain? We say school spirit. But just what is school spirit? It is loyalty. It is devotion. It is team work. It is being able to look over and above all the petty faults, all our little selfish likes and dislikes and—well, just get the feeling. We cannot describe it but we can get it.

How can we develop this much to be desired but elusive feeling? First, we must have a truly school song. Won't you write down that little idea you have in the back of your mind and hand it in? Even if it is not a whole song it may furnish others an idea for one.

Inter-school contests develop school spirit. For some time our debating societies have been working toward this end and this spring they hope to have some inter-school

debates. For these they want the very best material the school can furnish whether it is in the societies or not. If you can debate or if you are interested in debating it will pay you to look this matter up.

Another thing we need is more loyalty to out organizations. Whether you want them or not, as long as you are in school, the school organizations are yours and it might be well to feel yourself responsible for their faults. Critisicm is necessary for improvement, but there are two kinds of criticism, destructive and constructive. Which are you giving? Are you making cutting remarks that discourage otherwise enthusiastic girls and sullenly withdrawing your support because you are not pleased. Or are you thoughtfully considering the defects and bringing your suggestions for improvement to the proper persons?

We would like to make both an apology and an appeal to the organizations of S. N. S. both great and small. We know there has been much criticism, and justly so, because of the lack of representation these organizations have had in *The Focus*. However, you must admit it has not been entirely the fault of *The Focus*. The organizations have been more modest than is necessary. Therefore, will you not co-operate with us in making our magazine representative of the school? And let us all work together, first to make ourselves appreciate our school and then to make others appreciate it.

THE VALUE OF ATHLETICS TO A GIRL

Few of us really realize the many benefits a girl may receive from her school athletics, and if the many girls in a school could be made to realize this there would be without a doubt more girls found playing basketball, tennis and the other sports enjoyed by the more athletic type.

Aside from training a girl physically, athletics also train her mentally and morally, and with a few illustrations this may be seen. Basketball is one of the best athletic sports which a girl may participate in, for it is in the playing of this game that she receives a combination of benefits. On

the basketball field a girl is taught loyalty, politeness and respect for authority. It is here that she is taught to be loyal to her team and fellow students by keeping in mind her duty to those whom she is representing; it is here that she is taught to be always polite and courteous to both her colleagues and opponents; and it is here that she is taught to respect the referee and other officials. If a game is won the winning team learns not to "crow" over the defeat of the other team, while if the game is lost, the losers leave the field with, "Never mind, we'll get you next time!" What lesson could be of more value than that of learning to accept defeat with a smiling face and light heart?

A certain amount of exercise is necessary in order to obtain good health, and by taking part in school athletic activities both the necessary exercise and unlimited pleasure may be obtained. If the American student today could be made to come to the full realization of this fact she would be well on the road to health, happiness and more efficient life.

Does this apply to our school? Well, I should say it does! We have basketball teams, we have tennis courts, and best of all we are going to have Field Day some time soon. Get busy, girls, and come out; have a good time; improve your health and let it be said, "That's the healthiest, happiest, most studious bunch of girls I know, and they hailed from S. N. S.!"

NOTE:—Field Day comes in April. There will be contests in which girls may win their individual monograms, also inter-class contests. The class winning the highest number of points will, we think, be presented a banner by the Athletic Association.

Exchanges

We wish to congratulate *The Richmond College Messenger* on its January number. The arrangement of the articles is good, presenting an exceedingly attractive appearance. Special note should be given to the first essay of this number, "Concerning Air Castles." This is an essay well worth reading and "digesting" for many truths and valuable suggestions are brought out which tend to inspire and to uplift. "Fate" is quite an interesting story possessing the charm of the modern short story—trueness to life. "The Tail of a Coat" also deserves mention. The author is to be congratulated on his success in retaining the atmosphere of uncanniness throughout the entire story. Your poetry is good. There is but one criticism we have to make of your magazine and that is concerning your arrangement of advertisements in the front of the magazine and on the back of the cover. Why not have them all in the back of the magazine? It would present a much neater appearance.

The Student for January contains some good articles and some that are not so good. *The Student* should wake up and get out a better magazine. Your work is not well balanced. Too much space is given over to school notes, athletic notes, alumni notes, and wayside wares, etc. The magazine is noticeably deficient in the literary department. An essay or two is needed, also a few more stories. "A Daughter of Virginia" is an interesting story and is very well written, but it lacks the animation and spirit a story of that kind should have. The characters and the situations are not vivid enough to make the reader lose himself in the story. On the other hand the story is well thought out, but it is a failure in that it did not produce the desired

effect. We admire your school spirit, which is strongly brought out all through the magazine. Keep it up and your school will surely be a great success.

The Tattler is one of the most interesting and well-balanced magazines we have received this month. It makes a very pleasing appearance both as to the cover and contents. The essay on "Problems of Relationship" contains some helpful suggestions. The length of "Phyllis Goes Fortune Hunting" is a feature to be praised while the story is also interesting and amusing. Your book reviews are good, since they show what excellent work the school is doing. The department, "The Hammer," certainly keeps to its purpose—"To give a rap where it is needed."

It is with pleasure that we take up the *State Normal Magazine*, of Greensboro, N. C. We are sorry, however, that you did not have time to "figure out" our magazine, for we believe that it was worth puzzling over, and that had you done this you would not have counted your time lost. Moreover, we enjoyed reading your magazine, though we did have to strain our eyes in reading some of the print. We would suggest that you use a print which can be more easily read. Nevertheless, this issue of your magazine is a creditable one, for in it you have poems, stories, essays, and sketches, all of which are well written. "The Red Cross Society" is a notable essay because it deals with a subject of universal interest.

We are grateful to *The Era* for the kind criticism of our magazine.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The College Messenger*, *The Miltonvale College Monitor*, *Shamokin High School Review*, *Lemon and Black*, *John Marshall Record*, *The Critic*, *The Dickinson Union*, *Woman's College Messenger*, and *The Stampede*.

Here and There

OUR CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY

1. Y. W. C. A. Membership Rally in drawing room.
2. Fifth number of Star Course—The Riheldaffer-Skibinoky Co.
3. "Martin Chuzzlewit," given by Prof. Tripp in auditorium.
4. President Doyne, of Arkansas State Normal, speaks at chapel.
5. Junior Play, "Breezy Point," given in auditorium.
6. Sixth number of Star Course, "Just Plain Judy," by Miss Hettie Jane Dunaway.
7. Miss Helen L. Thomas, national educational secretary of the National Board of Young Women's Christian Associations, is a visitor of the school.
8. "Girls of Yesterday and Today," pageant given by the Christian Association.

The Cunningham Literary Society has chosen for the spring course of study, "Oriental and South American Literature." These countries are vague as to our knowledge of their literature and we are sure benefits will be derived from the study.

The Pierian Literary Society's course of study for the spring term will be "Current Literary Topics—namely: drama, music, art, poetry, movies, industrial problems, and sports. The topics are distributed among the members, and for each one there will be a girl in charge, with six other girls in her group. At each regular meeting there will be a short discussion of each of the topics.

The first Inter-Society Debate for the year, between the Jefferson and Ruffner Societies, was given January 26.

The subject under discussion was, Resolved: That Congress should support President Wilson's policy of national defense.

The affirmative was upheld by representatives from the Jefferson Society, Martha Watson and Verna Marshall, while the negative was upheld by Minnie Coplan and Elizabeth Rowe from the Ruffner Society.

The decision of the judges was in favor of the affirmative.

Hit or Miss

NOTES TAKEN IN A CLASS

1. THE STORY TOLD

Boy	Gun
Gun	Bust
Joy	Boy
Fun.	Dust.

2. Little Willie fell through the elevator,
His parents found him a fortnight later,
All the neighbors said, "Gee! Whiz!
What a *spoiled* child Willie is."

Little Willie in the best of sashes,
Fell into the grate of ashes,
By and by the room grew chilly
For nobody wanted to poke out Willie.

3. Why does a duck go into the water?
Answer:—For *diverse* reasons.

Why does a duck come out of the water?
Answer:—For *sundry* reasons.

4. SAFETY FIRST

Here comes the trolley car,
Here come the dray,
Here comes the little boy,
Now let us pray.

(*Quoted*).

Mr. L., in History Class—"Young ladies, I would—er-er—like for you to regard me as an opportunity."

"?"

Mr. C.—"Have all the names been called?"

Young Girl—"No, mine was not."

Mr. C.—"Your name, please."

Girl—"Miss Jones."

Mr. C.—"Oh! yes, the *name* is very familiar to *me*."

Mr. "Winters," calling on Miss "Buick."—"Miss Buick, please."

Aunt Lucy—"Just go down to the parlor."

Mr. Winters—Rap! Rap!

Aunt Lucy—"The door above, sir."

After Johnnie had been told by his teacher that excavate meant, "to hollow out," he wrote the following sentence:

"I stuck a pin in Joe and he *excavated*."

Young girl in Mr. Somers' psychology class, looking at specimen of brains in glass jars—

"Are they *real* brains? What are *you* doing with them?"

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